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SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

THE PRICE OF A HEART.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

[Concluded.]

The probationary six months had nearly expired, and already Mrs. Liston began to busy her active mind about Charlotte's wedding day and dress, and the degree of ceremony to be observed on the great occasion. It was after she had consumed almost an entire morning in consultation upon the subject with Charlotte—who was very unwillingly made a party to the discussion, since her thoughts were dwelling constantly upon the more essential features of the marriage tie—that she thought proper, at dinner, to broach the subject to Mr. Liston, and to remind him how near it was to the expiration of the time he had desired the marriage to be delayed, and of the propriety of making some definite arrangements respecting it. Charlotte blushed deeply at her mother's abrupt remarks, and cast down her eyes; but her feelings, looks, and all were instantaneously changed, when her father, in reply, said in a low, sad tone, with a shake of his head—

"We may have no marriage for a long time yet, Mrs. Liston."

Charlotte dropped her knife and gazed steadfastly in his face, suddenly and with alarm, saying, "Charles is well?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Liston, "I saw him but about an hour ago. Don't be agitated. I am troubled, as you see, but the result may prove suspicion to have been unfounded. I must leave you thus hastily, and may be not at home to tea. Be cheerful—I hope all may be well yet."

With these vague hints at some impending evil, Mr. Liston left his family, who remained for some minutes mute with astonishment. It was manifest that he had wished to prepare their minds for distressing news, which he was unwilling to communicate at once. The afternoon was spent by the mother and daughter in earnest and painful converse upon the uncertain grief which overshadowed them. Mr. Liston's words were susceptible of a variety of interpretations. Elliston might have been unfortunate in business—or Mr. Liston himself—and, again, the horrid thought crossed Charlotte's mind, that something might have been charged against her lover—something to tarnish his fame—his honor; not that for a moment she could believe him guilty of the slightest dereliction—but in the involvements of business, circumstances might have appeared to criminate him. The afternoon passed in this distressing anxiety; and sure enough, Mr. Liston did not come home to tea—a most unusual thing.

"But Charles, will soon be here, to cheer us,

and to explain all,"—thought Charlotte. But, hour after hour of the evening slowly departed and brought no lover, no father. Suspense had now become agony. It was late into the night, when, pale and agitated, scarcely himself, in the confusion of his mind, his misery, and the conflict of his feelings, Mr. Liston returned. Both wife and daughter hastened to him. He threw himself into a chair, and called for wine. Charlotte knelt by his side and wept at his haggard looks, as she took his trembling hand.

"Dear father, what is it—let us sympathize with you—let us know your grief?"

"Sympathize with me, my child," he replied, kissing her forehead, in the saddest tones she had ever heard him utter—"You must suffer with me—you must sorrow with me, and bitter sorrow it will be. All day I have been unraveling a scheme in which my credit has been used to bolster up an insane and cursed speculation. The three firms with whom I have dealt most largely, and in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, have been the conspirators. Their speculations have proved rotten to the core. They have staked millions upon them; they are bankrupts—and I am on their paper to such an extent, and am otherwise so involved with them in the regular channels of business, that every dollar I own must go—yes, every dollar, to pay their deficits—"Oh! God," he cried fervently, starting from his chair, and rapidly pacing the room, "would that our merchants would mark more distinctly in their minds the line between honesty and dishonesty! This rushing headlong into business on borrowed capital, and far exceeding that capital in the amount of their business—this grasping at sudden wealth, by means of the thousand temptations to speculation thrown in their paths—this using of friends to further mad projects that may ruin friends and all—it is not honest—it is not honest—and it has ruined me—ruined me!" He sank again into his seat, and his eye fell on his daughter, who still knelt by his chair, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"And you, my Charlotte, you are doubly ruined—Elliston's gains were deposited with me—and all is gone—he has lost all too; I, by these false friends, have beggared him!" The honest, suffering man covered his face with his hands. Charlotte tried to soothe him. Forgetful of herself, she employed every endearing stratagem that love could suggest, to beguile his thoughts from the dreadful subject of their contemplation, and calm his agitated feelings; and when, after a half-hour he smiled placidly upon her and bade her good night, her joy that she had succeeded, dispelled for the time, every cloud with which reflection upon their reverses might have overshadowed her innocent heart.

Mrs. Liston slept not a wink that night. Her

mind was filled with plots and conspiracies to make the best of the destruction which threatened them. For, to her, poverty and loss of station were destruction, or even worse. From nothing would she have so shrunk with horror, as from the very fate which seemed her doom. She had married for wealth and station—to be deprived of them was to be inearthed alive; and some means were to be devised to secure for herself the position in society to which she had been accustomed. No matter what the sacrifice—the end was to be attained. She cared comparatively little for the views Mr. Liston might entertain of her conduct, whether success should attend her endeavors or no. He would be unable longer to assist her—to supply her with luxuries—and he had sunk at once into a nullity. At breakfast, the next morning, Mr. Liston's features bore evidence that to him too, the night had been one of sleeplessness—and he soon left the house. He had no sooner gone, than Mrs. Liston arrayed herself for a walk, and hurried to the residence of Miss Phoebe Marsh, the maiden aunt of Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis, a woman very like herself, and bent on the union of her favorite nephew to Charlotte Liston. She was, too, Mrs. Liston's most intimate friend, and adviser. We leave them together: where they remained, talking, both at a time, in mysterious whispers, for four mortal hours.

Charlotte could not fully appreciate the state of things. Young, loving and beloved, suffering as yet no evil, she could only regard the future with an indefinable dread, that had nothing in it of immediate suffering. But she had not seen Charles for nearly two whole days! That was grief greater than all. She jumped for joy, however, in the course of the forenoon, when she received a note from him, of a few lines, hastily written, begging her not to think that he had forgotten her, but, to attribute his absence to the absorbing and perplexing duties attendant upon the endeavor to ascertain precisely their position, and to settle up their affairs. Mrs. Liston returned from her walk with a sombre countenance, but calm and collected, and did not utter a word to Charlotte of her feelings in regard to their calamity, or even advert to it. Mr. Liston came home to dinner, and scarcely uttered a syllable as he hastily swallowed it, and was away again. It was a long, tedious afternoon to Charlotte, as she sat musing in her chamber alone. Supper brought no father—and again, no lover appeared in the evening, to cheer her loneliness. She began to feel sorrowful indeed.

Mr. Liston could not pour out his feelings into that bosom, which should have been his comforter and support; for Mrs. Liston's advice would have been based on cold, calculating, selfish policy; perhaps bordering on dishonesty; and he would not depress the buoyant mind of his

child, by making her the recipient of his continual and increasing griefs. He was compelled to smother the flame within himself, and the very light of heaven became hateful to him. All he had possessed was gone, as he had at first surmised; and with an honesty, incumbent on all, but so rare at the present day, that it is rewarded with urns, and services of plate, he gave up every thing to pay the debts of false, deceitful and dishonorable friends—false, deceitful and dishonorable, in that they had turned from the legitimate sources of business, and in the hope of millions at a throw, had lost! and drawn into the vortex of their ruin, those who had trusted in their honor, and their straight forward dealings.

In the meantime, Elliston visited Charlotte; but less frequently than before, for almost every hour was employed in attention to the wreck of his affairs. They conversed freely, at such times, of the necessary postponement of their union, and Elliston seemed to look with foreboding upon the chances that they should ever be united. Charlotte, however, preserved her elasticity of spirits and endeavored to cheer him; but she only partially succeeded. A month thus passed; and Charlotte had scarcely spoken to her father, more than to exchange the common greetings of the day. He was in a continual fever of agitation. He seemed sometimes to be almost wandering in mind; and his unmerited sufferings were evidently exerting the sad effect, to make him misanthropic and morose. He permitted no unnecessary delay, in the meantime, in the final settlement of affairs; and it was not long before house, furniture, carriages and horses were sold under the hammer of the auctioneer, and the family, with the few hundred dollars, which, after the last debt had been fully liquidated, were fortunately left for their immediate wants, were bestowed in comparatively humble lodgings.

We have said that the cold hearted Mrs. Liston had early devised a scheme to restore herself to the station of which Mr. Liston's failure had deprived her. It was no less a heartless than a daring one; and to be successful, was to be warily accomplished. The reader may have surmised it; for it was to induce Charlotte, upon false grounds and representations, to abandon Elliston, and to receive the once rejected Cordis. But Mrs. Liston was competent to conduct it to a prosperous issue, if it could be done by any being on the broad earth. She did not commence her assaults early; previous to the surrender of their house, she had only drawn Charlotte's attention to her father's condition, by sorrowful exclamations, "Your poor father, he knows not what to do!" "Oh, Charlotte, how dreadfully your dear father looked to-day!" and the like; endeavoring to centre her daughter's mind on that one thought—the misery of her parent. But when they had exchanged roominess and freedom for the confinement of lodgings, she made more regular advances. Mr. Liston, by his conduct, much assisted her. He did not really repel the testimonials of Charlotte's affection, but they did not seem to render the gratification they had bestowed in former days; and he was totally silent upon their prospects and situation; save that now and then, he would burst out

with a heart-rending exclamation, that something must be done—that his little store would be exhausted before the year had half expired—and that he was too old to begin the world anew!

In the cautious conversations held by Mrs. Liston with her daughter, she was not long in arriving at an essential point of progress—the impression of an intense conviction on Charlotte's mind, that it was her duty to devote all her powers to the support of that parent who had reared her to womanhood. Once rendered satisfied that such a course was a demand of the most imperative duty, it engrossed every faculty.

"What shall I do, mother?" was her constant question. "What can I do? My dear, dear father! I would yield up every thing for him—I would go any where—do any thing! Advise me—advise me! Shall I take a school—go out as governess—paint—give music lessons—what?"

To every suggestion of this nature, Mrs. Liston skillfully interposed such objections, as seemed to render any plan of the kind foolish or unworthy. Yet "her poor father" was still harped upon; and indeed, Mr. Liston had become an object of pity. His looks were haggard, his step infirm, and his mind in a painful state of constant foreboding. Oftener than ever, he exclaimed "what are we coming to! When shall we begin to starve?"

Charlotte's days were as miserable as his own. She prayed him to unbosom himself to her, and consult with her. She suggested to him too, the plans she communicated to her mother; but he gave her no encouragement. "Something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us, my child," said he in reply to her one afternoon. He simply referred to the inadequacy of her exertions to yield them all a support; but Mrs. Liston was present and heard the remark. Upon it her fabric was to be reared.

She entered her daughter's room the next morning, and found her with her head buried in the bed clothes, weeping violently. It was the very state of mind most desired.

"My dear Charlotte, are you ill?" she asked, as if in deep concern.

"Ill in heart, mother. Here am I, convinced that I ought to do something for our support. I have health—strength—determination; and yet day after day passes, and every plan I suggest seems futile."

"It is a sad state of things indeed. Your poor father, I fear, will speedily be in his grave, if he cannot soon see the prospect of relief from the absolute beggary which stares us in the face."

"He will indeed?" cried Charlotte in agony, starting up; "I cannot bear the thought! name something, mother—something!—I care not what,—to save him, and I am ready to undertake it. But oh, devise something—something!"

"You feel, don't you, my Charlotte, that a child's duty to an unfortunate parent is imperative above all others—that heaven and public opinion both declare it to be so?"

"Yes, mother, yes!"

"You have made great professions my child. But were a sacrifice really to be required of you

—one that would inevitably raise your father above the fear of want and suffering, and bring peace to his grey hairs—in such an event, when your duty to your father could be fully accomplished, I fear you would shrink."

Charlotte turned deadly pale. She did not surmise the announcement that her mother was about to make, but she felt that she had reference, by her guarded speech, to something terrible to her. She gathered strength to reply.

"No, mother. From no sacrifice which I felt that heaven would approve, would I for a moment shrink."

"Do you remember your father's words yesterday—'something of more consequence than any thing of this kind is necessary to save us my child.'"

"I do."

"He had reference to a proposition made to him some days ago, which he grasped at, as the drowning man grasps at the floating straw. But in consequence of the stand he took on a former occasion, he would not for the world pass a word with you on the subject, and has commissioned me to do it. He feels that in our present circumstances, a line of conduct which would once have been reprehensible, is justifiable; and, indeed, demanded. We are sadly situated!"

Mrs. Liston sighed, and forced two or three minute tears into her eyes. Charlotte stood, frozen with horror. She could not but gather vague images of the truth—and they palsied every faculty of her mind; she gasped, tottered, and would have fallen, had not her mother caught her, laid her upon the bed, bathed her forehead in cologne, and left her, hoping that she might be restored by an hour's rest.

That same afternoon, Elliston, who had become a clerk in a wholesale establishment, upon a moderate salary, received a note of the following purport:

MR. ELLISTON:—Permit me, a mutual friend of yourself and the Liston family, to offer a word of counsel. The reverses Mr. Liston, and yourself, have both experienced, command the sympathy of all who know you. They have occurred at a most unfortunate period, when your happiness was about to be consummated by a union with his child. That union, you must feel, is now impossible, at least for a long period, when the circumstances of the family are considered. Some days since, a proposition of marriage with Miss Charlotte was made to Mr. Liston, by a rich young gentleman, under the supposition, it is to be presumed, that you had resigned all pretensions to her hand. In his great distress in regard to pecuniary matters, he would eagerly, as I have the means of knowing, entertain the offer, especially as a guaranty is made to secure to him sufficient per annum during his life, to support him handsomely, but he is fettered by the knowledge that your engagement still exists. Miss Charlotte has but lately been apprised of the offer, and, I have reason to think, feels it incumbent upon her to sacrifice feeling to the welfare of her father; but she too is placed in an unwelcome dilemma. I make this statement, that you may know how to govern yourself. Let me assure you, this is from—

A SINCERE FRIEND.

Elliston was amazed—confounded. It was all very plausible. True, it seemed very inconsistent with Mr. Liston's high-mindedness, to be guilty of such a resource for support; but then he knew that misery works great changes, and that Mr. Liston had certainly changed much. But Charlotte—that she should think to desert him!—him, whom she had loved so well—with whom he had enjoyed so many hours of delightful confidence, mingling hearts, and souls in the sweetest of all communion! But how deeply she loved her father he well knew—and he could imagine to what a state of mind the constant sight of his misery might reduce her; when any sacrifice would not seem too severe to save him. Never were there two more miserable beings than were Charlotte and Elliston during that night. He should have despised an anonymous note of so mighty import. He should have mistrusted every word, letter and line of it. He should have gone to Charlotte, shown it to her, conversed freely with her—and had he done so, how much woe had been spared to them! But he trusted it; and at midnight he sat in his solitary apartment, and penned a note to her. It informed her, that he had heard of an offer having been made by a rich young gentleman to her father, for her hand; that perhaps she might feel it her duty to comply with it, for his sake, were she unfettered—that his love for her was all-surpassing—was his very life—but that he gave her back her vows of affection, that she might be free to act—and invoking blessings on her, he closed.

The note was despatched early in the morning. Charlotte had risen with a distressing headache, and was confined to her chamber. Her mother, knowing the hand-writing, and from her consciousness of what had been the incentive to its composition, guessing at its contents, carried it, with suppressed exultations, up-stairs. What is a headache, or any ache, when the words of a loved one are to be perused! Charlotte grasped at the letter; but had no sooner drank in its painful meaning, than she fainted, and remained long insensible. In the meantime, while measures were instituted for her recovery, Mrs. Liston found a moment to run it over. It was just what she would have herself dictated. She resolved to say nothing more, but to let what had already occurred produce its full effect.

The poor girl was ill—very ill, all that day. Her father came in to see her in the afternoon, and could not avoid, even when she was in such a state, adverting to what was uppermost in his mind—the destitution which threatened them. "There," said he, as he walked the floor, "I have to-day paid our landlady for our last month's board, and have just fifty dollars left. Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!"

It needed but this to fix Charlotte's wavering mind. In the calm apathy of despair, she wrote to Elliston that she indeed felt that duty demanded her to resign him. How she had loved him, he knew well, and she was conscious how dear she had been to him. Life was to be to her henceforth only a scene of woe. If she were doing wrong, she entreated him to forgive her—for, indeed, she hardly knew herself what she intended—what she was doing. She did not maintain her cold firmness throughout, for two

or three times the tears gushed forth, every feature was convulsed, and she was the weak, wretched, suffering woman; but her father's words, "Oh, Heaven, how soon that pittance will be gone!" renewed her again to her task, and before midnight it was accomplished. The letter she had written, blotted here and there with tears, was put into her mother's hand the following morning, who lost not a moment in despatching it. Elliston read it, and felt—how deeply!—for the agony in which it was evidently penned; he longed to rush to her; to her, who had been his own—her, who had pledged herself to be his before God, as he had pledged himself to her—and to soothe and comfort her; but it was too late! He turned away, a lone, desolate man!

"Come, mother," said Charlotte, the same day, for Elliston was no more to her—the worst was over and she was impatient to consummate the sacrifice, before her unnatural strength should forsake her—"who has proposed for me? Name him, that I may send him the acceptance he desires. The sooner the better—for then my poor father will the sooner be happy! Who is he?"

With perfect calmness of action, that surprised and somewhat alarmed her mother, she opened her desk, and prepared herself to write—she waited but for the name.

"It is an old acquaintance," replied Mrs. Liston, trying to smile, for she felt that Charlotte was in a fearful state, and dreaded as well she might, the announcement of the name. "It is Mr. Cordis."

The appalling shriek that burst from the child she had thus bartered away for gold, pierced even her callous feelings. Such a shriek of misery—one that is given forth, only when the heart is torn in twain, and feels that it is consigned, beyond every ray of hope, to ghastly death in the midst of life!

It was two days before Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis received a note from Charlotte, declaring herself ready to become his wife; for, notwithstanding the extent to which the affair had progressed—the dismissal of Elliston—her own desperate resolve to succor her father at all hazards, it was two days before she could submit to the degradation of addressing a communication of the kind to such a man.

"Jack, you must positively let me have five thousand this week," drawled Cordis, as, extended on a sofa, he knocked the ashes from the end of his segar, with delicately white fingers, sparkling with jeweled rings. "You must, indeed. I'm drained, that's a fact. I lost six thousand at faro last night, you know!"

"Yes—but you've come to the wrong shop, Cordis. My pockets at present are as empty as yours."

"You're in my debt double that amount, Jack, eh? Some of it borrowed more than a year ago. Face up a little, can't you? Demme, I'm obliged to cut ceremony, I'm so decidedly hard run."

"You don't mean to insult me, Mr. Cordis, by this reference to what I owe you?"

"Insult! why demme, the farthest thing from my intention. I never asked you for a dollar of it before—because I never was so put to it. Insult! By no means, my dear fellow!"

"I choose to consider it in that light, Mr. Cordis," replied Mr. John Hansard Marion; who had indeed borrowed some ten thousands of Cordis, had lived upon him, eaten his dinners and suppers, and sometimes domesticated himself with him for months together. Mr. Marion was an Englishman; of good family—so he told Cordis, when first he sought his acquaintance; rich beyond account, with large expectations into the bargain—as he told Mr. Cordis. Certainly an elegant man, as he showed for himself—upon which recommendations, Mr. Cordis had made him his bosom friend—scorning a countryman of his own, as being shockingly vulgar. While Mr. Marion was speaking in a very pompous tone of voice, he put on his coat deliberately, adjusted his cravat, arranged his hat before the glass, took his cane, and with "You will probably hear from me before long," dashed magnificently out. Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis stood mute with astonishment, entertaining, for the very first time, the shrewd idea that he had been swindled; an idea which he indulged in more and more every day, when he found that his particular friend was altogether invisible; that demand for payment having operated like the wand of a magician—to spirit Mr. Marion out of sight and hearing.

At this moment Charlotte's note was put into his hand.

"In at the death, and got the brush!" he exclaimed exultingly. "She's mine! She's mine at last! Wont I show her off; and wont I make her repent that first refusal! I'll give this two thousand a year to the old 'uns for a year or two, since aunt Marsh insists upon it, and then they may whistle for't. It'll come deuced hard to poney it over at all! I must positively look into my affairs. Egad, I shouldn't wonder if I made a smash of it before long. That would be a pretty go! but I'll have the girl!"

Mrs. Liston was in the extreme of exultation. All had gone forward most prosperously. Charlotte, it was true, moved about like one more dead than alive, but then a few weeks would reconcile her to her change of prospects, and the splendor of Mr. Cordis' establishment would so contrast with the humble home which was all Elliston could possibly furnish, that she doubted not that the bloom would soon visit her cheek again. It was an object to have the marriage speedily consummated: and, if possible, without Mr. Liston's knowledge; for there was no knowing whether he would not imperatively annul all the transactions, unless they had proceeded beyond his power. Charlotte was passive; ready to consent to any thing—a puppet in her mother's hands. Mr. Cordis had no particular wish to be brought *tete-a-tete* with Mr. Liston, so that his absence from the ceremony would be particularly pleasing to him. It was therefore arranged at Mrs. Marsh's residence, between that lady, Mrs. Liston, and Mr. Cordis, that the knot should be tied in Mrs. Marsh's parlor, upon the third afternoon thence; when Mr. Liston had declared that some little business would detain him from home during the entire afternoon and evening.

Mr. Cordis purchased an elegant bridal dress for Charlotte, and a rich set of jewelry. There was, however, to be but little ostentation attending the ceremony—the circumstances would not

admit of it. The day came. Charlotte could not go down to dinner, and Mr. Liston inquired for her with concern; remarking that she was pining away every day. But he was in haste, and only sent a consoling message to her through her mother. The bride, whose heart had been sold for a father's pecuniary aid, was arrayed for her inauspicious bridal. Mr. Cordis called for her in his carriage. There was necessarily some bustle and confusion, which the landlady as necessarily observed, and was curious to discover the meaning of. Feeling that all was secure, Mrs. Liston confided to her, in the overflow of her spirits, some of the great essentials of the affair; that Charlotte was to marry Mr. Cordis at his aunt Marsh's; that the bridesmaids and all were waiting there; that the ceremony would take place at five precisely; that it was Mr. Cordis' elegant carriage which was at the door, and Mr. Cordis himself who was in the parlor waiting for them; and finally, she invited the landlady to come up and see Miss Charlotte in her splendid dress and jewels. The landlady complied; and was inexpressibly shocked at Charlotte's appearance. Her face had the ghastly hue of death; and she could not cross the chamber without her mother's assistance. The landlady said nothing, but she felt in her heart the whole truth—that the poor girl was sacrificing herself for her parents. She could not congratulate—she dared not pity.

Charlotte was assisted into the carriage by Mr. Cordis, who was dressed in the ridiculous extreme of fashion; Mrs. Liston followed. Mr. Cordis then got in, and the vehicle rattled away to Mrs. Marsh's. It was twenty minutes after four when it left the Listons' lodgings; and at precisely half past four, Mr. Liston, who had been disappointed in meeting the merchant with whom he wished to transact his business, entered his parlor. He was in a peculiarly sociable humor; for an old and staunch friend had been reasoning with him upon the foolishness of moping about, wasting his time and energies, when, with his excellent business habits, knowledge, and well known character, he could easily obtain an excellent situation as factor, or agent, or confidential clerk; the friend had said, indeed, that he would himself cheerfully give two thousand dollars salary, if Mr. Liston would allow him the benefits of his talents and experience. Mr. Liston at once accepted the offer, and was a new man—the old Mr. Liston—as we knew him in former days.

Finding his parlor empty, he went to his own chamber. The ladies were not there. He knocked at Charlotte's door, and then ventured to open it. That, too, was empty. "Out!" he muttered in astonishment; "Why she was too unwell to appear at the dinner table!" In the hall, as he advanced, he encountered the landlady.

"The ladies are out?" he said, as a casual remark.

"Why, Mr. Liston?" cried she, lifting up both hands, "and you not know where they are gone?"

"No, Mrs. White. Is there anything unusual?"

"And really you do not know that your daughter has gone to be married?"

"Married, Mrs. White! What do you mean?" he replied, turning pale.

"Why, Mrs. Liston told me, not an hour ago,

that she was to be married to Mr. Philip Cordis, at his aunt Marsh's, at five o'clock precisely; and sure enough, Mr. Cordis came for her in his own carriage, and she was lifted into it, in bridal clothes, looking like death, poor thing, and away they drove."

The drops stood on Mr. Liston's forehead; he said not a word; but he hastily pulled out his watch, and found that it wanted fifteen minutes to five. In less than one more, he was hastening, at a very immoderate pace for a man of fifty, towards Mrs. Marsh's; whose mansion he reached at two minutes and a quarter after the clock had struck. He minded not servants, but pushing all aside, ascended to the parlor; which he entered at an interesting moment; for the Episcopal clergyman, who was officiating, was just pronouncing those important and conclusive words of the service, "If there be any here who know cause why these two should not be joined in marriage, let him proclaim it now, or ever after hold his peace." They were very solemnly said; but probably without any remote idea in the clergyman's mind that a response would be made. A voice, however, broken with exhaustion, cried out from near the door:

"I do! Stop where you are!"

Mrs. Liston, who a moment before had been standing and glancing around at appropriate intervals, all swelling with pride and joy, melted down at the sound, like a tender flower cut off by a sudden frost. Mr. Liston came forward.

"I forbid the bans, for my daughter is not of age; and what is more, I know this has all been in defiance of her feelings—the scheme of others. Is it not so, my child? Speak freely—is it not so?"

Charlotte's silence replied in sufficiently significant tones. Mr. Cordis, at this moment, thought proper to bristle a little; especially as so many of his relations and intimate friends were present.

"This unceremonious interruption, Mr. Liston, unwarrantable—"

"Faugh!" cried Mr. Liston, in the deepest intonation of detestation. "Unwarrantable! When is not a father warrantable in saving his daughter from the wreck of all she holds dear? She would have sold her heart for me; for you know, even while you stand up to wed her, that she loves another! And even were her heart disengaged, she would be linking herself to one whom she could never love, and thus close up the fountains of her best sympathies for ever. I will not say that willingness to submit to such a sacrifice may not be noble in a child; but the parent who would accept it—the father or mother who would live by the sale—yes, the sale of their child!—such parents are unworthy ever to have lived! Come, Charlotte,"—she sprung into his arms—"thank Heaven, I was not too late; Come away from these shambles, and I will speedily take precautions that no more scheming shall peril the happiness of my child. Will you attend us, sir," he continued, addressing the clergyman; "we may have need of your services immediately; but not with such a bridegroom! Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," he said further, bowing to all, as he divested his daughter of her jewelry, and threw it upon the table; "I am sorry to have driven away the cheerfulness of so pleasant a party."

He descended the stairs, Charlotte leaning on his arm, and the clergyman following, leaving as amazed a company as were probably ever assembled together. A hack, fortunately passing, was hailed, and drew up.

"Say to Mrs. Liston, that we wait her company," said Mr. Liston to the servant; and that lady, who would gladly have escaped the torture of the ride, was compelled to present herself. Arrived at their lodgings, Mr. Liston escorted the clergyman and ladies to the parlor, and then disappeared for a moment, during which he was heard giving earnest directions to the hack-driver, who shortly after drove off at a rapid pace. Re-joining his family, he was all vivacity and spirit. Before half an hour, the hack returned. Mr. Liston hastened down stairs. That voice! Charlotte started up, and the blood rushed over neck, face and forehead! The door opened—it was Elliston! In a moment she was in his arms; for a word from her father had explained all!

Mrs. White and all the inmates of the house were summoned, to their great surprise, to Mr. Liston's parlor, to be witnesses to Miss Charlotte's marriage: and the bonds that joined two willing hearts—alas, that ever others should feel those ties!—were solemnized. When the nuptial blessing had been pronounced, Mr. Liston whispered in his wife's ear, "Rather hasty—but then you will not be able to scheme any more!"

Mr. Liston took a small, genteel house immediately, and Elliston boarded with him. Mrs. Liston found it necessary to resign herself to comparative obscurity, and submitted with the best grace she could command. She derived some assistance in subduing her pride, from the fact, that before three months, Mr. Philip Laurens Cordis was openly proclaimed a bankrupt and a beggar—worth nothing, and good for nothing. "Good Heavens, what an escape!" she said to herself. She often repeated the same ejaculation in after years, when she was an inmate of Elliston's dwelling, and he fast becoming one of the wealthiest of the city—happy in the affections of a loving wife, and children, whom he strove to nurture in truth, virtue, and knowledge.

Mr. Liston often said, as he looked into the happy face of his Charlotte, "Sell my child for my support! Heaven would blush at it!"

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SPRING.

Now sing aloud the gushing rills,
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

Thou bringest the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.—BRYANT.

"Once more the swelling bud betokens Spring,"
and soon the fields and forests will again be en-
robed in their green livery. Emblem of the
morning of life!

"Many a thought

Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed."

Flowers, sweet flowers! ye are Spring's jewelry!—soon your beauties will again be unfolded, and soon shall we breathe your fragrance, as it is wafted on the soft breezes! E'en now, the little silver-fish leaps in joyous ecstacy from the murmuring brook, and when we awake in the morning, the music of the birds strikes upon our ears, like the soft melody of Memnon at sunrise;

"And when evening dims the lake,
Frogs their hoarse orchestra wake,
And the tortoise loves to tell,
Protruding from his mottled shell,
'Twixt the water and the land,
Tales his comrades understand."

There are some hearts which cannot be inspired by such scenes, and for which such voices have no cadences of joy, and there are some pulses which cannot be quickened by such stimuli; but in us their *modus operandi* is delightful, while they excite a hallowed reminiscence of childhood and "home, sweet home." Yes, lovely wood, field, flower and melody!

How like ye are to days remembered well.

When we contemplate the wisdom, the beauty, and the harmony of nature, and view the *minute* and *mighty* handy-work of Him, who has numbered the hairs of our head, and "whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey," we are filled with reverence and adoration.

Yes, Nature, all thy shows and forms,
To feeling, pensive hearts have charms,
Whether the summer kindly warms
With life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms,
The long dark night.

Strongsville, O. April, 1840. H. L. W. L.

For the Rural Repository.

HOPE.

WITHOUT hope life were indeed a dreary waste, a trackless desert of thorns, without a rose to cheer us. Deprived of her sweet consolations, life would be a burden too heavy to be borne by us weak mortals, and we should sink under the many cares and sorrows that assail us at every turn that we make in our weary pilgrimage through this world of woe. True, the thoughts with which she inspires us are often vain and illusive, but anticipation throws her charm around us and lends enchantment to the future. Often when thoughts dark and bitter, too deep for words, oppress our aching brows, and the brain reels under the pressure, Hope, sweet hope, with her enlivening beams comes to our aid and saves us from madness. We again press forward with renewed hopes and lightened hearts, looking to the future for that happiness which the past and the present have failed to impart; but alas! how vain our hopes—the car of time rolls on, the future, to which we so anxiously looked, has become present, is with us; but where is that happiness, the hope of which has cast a bright ray of light around us, through many a dark and lonely hour? Echo, as in mockery, answers, "where"? It has gone, vanished like a thing of air; and such must ever be the end of all earthly hopes; and dark and bitter indeed would be our despair, if there were no other refuge, no other hope, but that based on the things of this world. But, thanks be to God! there is a hope that will not forsake us—so bright and splendid that it might well fill our hearts

with admiration and joy—it is the hope of Heaven, a hope that bids us look beyond the cares and sorrows of this world to a brighter and purer state on high, where friends, whose hearts have been rent to agony in giving the parting hand to loved ones, shall meet to part no more—where joy pure and celestial, undimmed by the discordant notes of sorrow, reigns triumphant. May the bright and brilliant rays of this star of hope be ever with us, and when the hour of dissolution shall draw nigh and our earthly frame be dissolved and waste away into dust, may this hope be with us in that dread hour, and shed a brilliant light across the darkened way that leads to the mansions of bliss.

GERALD.

BIOGRAPHY.

From the New York Mirror.

THE DEAD OF THE LAST YEAR.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

[Continued.]

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.—This admired poet died on the 15th of July last, in the 37th year of his age, and in the full meridian of his reputation. While a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge, he was the most famous person in that University. He carried away an unprecedented number of prizes, obtained by his Greek and Latin odes and epigrams, and English poems. Of the latter were his "Australia," "The Ascent of Elijah," and "Athens," neither of which have been re-published in this country. By these, and his contributions to the New Monthly Magazine, some fifteen years ago, which are unequalled in the language, for playful humor and easy versification, he wrote his name among the standard poets of England. The readers of the New-York Mirror will remember reading in its pages "Lillian," "The Fancy Ball," "School and School-fellows," "The Vicar," "The Every day Character," "The Letter of Advice," and others from the same pen, and of the same sportive and brilliant character. Praed was recently high steward of the university at Cambridge. For a year before his death he had been in parliament, where he had the reputation of being "one of the useful members" as distinguished, we suppose, from the majority. No collected edition of his writings has ever come under our notice, and we presume that none has been published. His "Lillian" is well known in this country, as the most purely imaginative poem ever written, with the exception, perhaps, of Drake's "Culprit Fay," which is of about the same length and construction.

PRINCE SAUNDERS.—The Attorney General of the republic of Hayti, and the author of the "Criminal Code" of that country, was one of the most remarkable persons of the time. He was a colored man, of excellent education, correct life, and extraordinary capacities. He was born in Thetford, Vt. and emigrated to Hayti in 1807, where, immediately after his arrival, he was employed by Christophe, to improve the state of education in his dominions, and to visit England to procure means of instruction. In the British capital he was received into the society of the nobility, and made his home with Sir Joseph Banks, then president of the Royal Society. The result of his mission not being satisfactory

to the king, he left Hayti and returned to the United States, where he studied divinity, and was settled over a religious society in Philadelphia. Returning, after a few years, to Hayti, he was received with favor, and actively engaged in the public service until his death, on the twelfth of February.

JAMES BOADEN.—This voluminous dramatic author died in London on the sixteenth of February, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. "Fontainville Forest," his first effort for the stage, was successfully produced at Covent Garden in 1784, was followed by a great number of plays, and memoirs of Kemble, Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Inchbald, and others. Boaden was the first to detect and disprove the famous Shakespeare forgeries by Ireland.

THE BARON DE PRONY.—One of the most distinguished mathematicians of modern times was the Baron de Prony, peer of France, who died at Paris on the twenty-ninth day of last July. At the age of twenty-one he was admitted into the *Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées*, and soon distinguished himself by his successful application to the severe mathematical pursuits of that establishment. In 1792 he was charged by the government with the drawing up of the *Cadaastre*, or great territorial and numerical survey of France. Subsequently he was instructed by the government to calculate a set of tables, on the centesimal scale, and charged to take care that, while they should be as correct as possible, he should "make them the greatest and most imposing monument of calculation that had ever been executed or even thought of." He completed the gigantic task in about three years, and the immense work, forming seventeen imperial folio volumes of manuscript, was to have been printed by the government, but for some reason remains now in the library of the observatory at Paris. The baron was highly esteemed by Napoleon, who offered him a place in the scientific corps of the Egyptian expedition, which he declined.

EDGAR TAYLOR.—This eminent lawyer and general writer died in London on the nineteenth day of August. Besides a great number of legal and theological works, he wrote much in the literary journals, a volume of poems, and translated several popular works.

JOHN LANDER.—This gentleman was the brother and companion of Richard Lander, the traveler in Africa. After sharing the perils and the honors of the tour to the sources of the Niger, and witnessing, in a second expedition, the death of his brother, he settled in the Great Metropolis where he remained until his death, on the 16th of last November. The services rendered to geographical science, by the Landers, are too recent to require a particular recapitulation. The British government having determined, in the year 1829, to send out an expedition to explore the source or termination of the Niger, Richard Lander volunteered for the undertaking, accompanied by his brother John, who was alike influenced by a laudible desire of assisting his brother and visiting Africa. The narrative of the expedition was published on their return in 1832, and re-published by the Harpers of this city. Their perilous adventures excited the deepest interest. The brothers soon afterwards

entered upon another expedition to the same quarter, the termination of which the elder brother, Richard, did not survive. John fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint, engendered by his labors in the promotion of science. He left a family with nothing more than such temporary provision as his prudence may have secured out of his salary as a junior clerk in the Custom House. This appointment was given to him by the earl of Ripon, as a reward for the successful termination of the African expedition, in which that nobleman took a most patriotic interest. Though possessed of considerable literary talent, John Lander was unpretending and inoffensive in his demeanor.

WILLIAM DUNLAP.—This veteran author and artist died in this city in August last. He at a very early age directed his attention to painting, and though he never attained the highest rank in his profession, many of his productions were highly respectable. His portrait of "Washington" is the oldest picture of the father of his country in existence, and his "Christ Rejected" and "Crucifixion," from designs by West, possess considerable merit. Besides these works he painted a large number of portraits, and furnished designs for illustrations of Cooper's "Spy" and several other American productions. Mr. Dunlap did much for the elevation of the drama in America, in which he always felt a warm interest. He was for many years manager of the John street theatre, and for a time of the Park. He wrote several plays, and dramatized a large number of contemporary romances. But his reputation does not rest on the productions of his pencil, his character as a manager, or the slight literary efforts to which we have above alluded. His works in every department of literature are numerous and valuable. He wrote memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown and of George Frederick Cooke, and histories of the American Stage, and of the Arts of Design in the United States. In 1834 he published a novel, the *Cold-Water Man*, and about four years ago a valuable compend of the history of this state, for schools. A work on which he bestowed a vast amount of labor, was a history of New-York, the first volume of which was published in 1838, and the last, since his decease. It is of great value, containing many new facts, derived from original sources; and though not a model of historic writing, it is an important addition to the stock of materials from which the future annalist will derive information. Mr. Dunlap was an acute and a patient investigator and to the end of his life his mind retained its vigor and its clearness unimpaired. His conversational powers were remarkable; his memory was prolific of anecdote and adventure, and few were more interesting companions, or more respected and admired by friends.

MATHEW CAREY.—The name of this veteran author and publisher has been for a long time familiar to almost every reader in America. He was a native of Ireland, and came to this country immediately after the close of the revolution, and settled in Philadelphia, where, by the exercise of his abilities, and his persevering industry, he in a short time acquired wealth and an enviable reputation. Though eminent as a writer,

and well known for his participation in almost every political discussion of the last half century, Mr. Carey was most celebrated as a philanthropist. The streams of private charity were continually flowing from his hand, and his list of pensioners swelled to a number that was almost beyond the means of individual bounty, yet none went empty away. The cry of the poor, the widow, and the orphan, was never in vain at the door. He regarded with deep interest the efforts of the young in business, and never failed to lend his aid to those who asked his advice, and apparently deserved his approval and assistance. He died on the 16th of Sept. in the 81st year of his age, from injuries received in falling from his carriage, a few days previous.

M. LAFONT.—This celebrated violinist was a native of Thoulouse, where his father was an eminent advocate. He distinguished himself by his musical talents at a very early age; and, after a course of study, he became one of the greatest performers of the age. The veteran Berton gave him instructions in composition, and Garat in vocal music—two branches of the art which are too little attended to by instrumental performers, but which give those who do attend to them a very decided advantage over those who do not. Lafont, notwithstanding his advanced age, continued to perform with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, and during the early part of last year, gave a public concert in Paris, which he jocularly called his last, little dreaming how truly he spoke—he composed a great quantity of music for his instrument, consisting of concertos, airs with variations, and duets for the violin and piano. These compositions are admirable. He died on the 23d of August, by a fall from a diligence, while traveling near Bagnares.

REV. DR. ALLISON.—Archibald Allison, L. L. D. D. D. F. R. S. etc. died in Edinburg, Scotland, on the seventh day of August last, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was the author of many works of a theological character, and of "An Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste," which has been extensively popular.

JOHN GALT.—The most popular of the Scottish novelists, next to the author of *Waverley*, died at Greenock, on the eleventh of April, aged sixty. In early life Galt was a merchant in London, but not meeting with the success which he had anticipated, he retired from business, traveled through the south of Europe, and on his return to England published his "Voyages and Travels" in three quarto volumes. Soon after he was appointed agent of the Canada Company, and came to America; but disappointed in his expectations, he remained but a short time in the Province, and returned to London, where he published his "Lawrie Todd," in which he shadowed forth the adventures of Mr. Grant Thornton, "seedsman and florist" of New-York. His most popular works are his pictures of Scottish life and manners, which won for him a reputation in his own country, second only to that of Scott. His "Annals of the Parish," exquisite by the force of its homely simplicity, and "The Prevost," "The Spaw-wife," "The Last of the Lairds," "The Ayrshire Legatees," "The Entail," "The Majola," "Sir Andrew Wylie," and other novels, are all remarkable for a quaint-

ness of phrase and dialogue which places him apart from all other Scottish novelists. Among his other writings are several volumes of travels, memoirs of Byron, Benjamin West, and Cardinal Wolsey, and "Agamemnon," "Magdalen," and several other tragedies. He was a man of great conversational powers, frank in his manners and universally respected for the purity of his life as much as for his fine capacities.

[Concluded in our next.]

MISCELLANY.

THE CROWN OF OLD AGE.

WHEREFORE should man not honor him the Creator honors? Upon the wise and virtuous head, gray hair is a beautiful crown.

Three old men celebrated together their jubilee and recounted to their children, by, what means they had become so aged.

The one, a teacher and priest, spoke, "Never was I troubled by the length of the way, when I went forth to teach. Never did I, on my way, ambitiously step over the heads of youth, and never did I lift up my hands for a blessing, without, in deed and in truth, blessing and praising God; therefore have I become old."

The other, a merchant, said, "Never have I enriched myself, to my neighbor's injury; never has his curse gone with me to my bed, and of my possessions have I freely given to the poor. Therefore has God given me length of years."

The third, a Judge of the nation, said, "Never have I taken a gift; never have I stubbornly maintained my own opinion; in the most trying emergencies I have ever sought first to overcome myself. Therefore has God blessed me with old age."

Then their children and grand-children came before them, kissed their hands, and garlanded them with flowers. And the fathers blessed them and said, "As is your youth, so may your old age be! May your children be to you what you are to us—upon our gray hair a blooming crown of roses."

Old age is a beautiful crown; Man finds it only in the way of Temperance, Justice, and Wisdom.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

ONE evening Maria's father related in her presence, an anecdote of a little daughter of Dr. Doddridge, which pleased Maria extremely. When this child, about six years old, was asked what made every body love her? she replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body." The beautiful simplicity of this reply struck Maria forcibly. "If this is all that is necessary in order to be loved," thought Maria, "I will soon make every body love me." Her father mentioned a remark of John Newton, that he considered the world to be divided into two great masses, one of happiness, and the other of misery; and it was his daily business to take as much as possible from the heap of misery, and add it to that of happiness. "Now," thought Maria, "I will begin to-morrow to try to make every body happy. Instead of thinking all the time about myself, I will ask every min-

ute, what I can do for somebody else. Papa has often told me that this was the best way of being happy myself, and I am determined to try."—*Pastor's Daughter.*

POPE'S WILLOW.

WE are informed that Mr. Custis, of Arlington, has presented to the Hon. J. K. Paulding, to Washington Irving, Esq. and to Mrs. Sigourney, each, a case containing slips from the veritable descendant of Pope's Willow; the slips to be distributed by the distinguished authors above named, and charming poetess, to the most worthy of the literateurs, male and female, in the United States. The history of the descendants of Pope's Willow, implanted in the American soil, is as follows: In 1775, John Park Custis, the father of Mr. C. of Arlington, while on duty as Aid-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, at the siege of Boston, had an opportunity of showing some civilities to a British officer, made prisoner in a transport. Upon the evacuation of Boston, and march of the American forces towards New-York, the Briton, grateful for the kindnesses he had received, presented to the Aid-de-Camp a small oil skin case, hermetically sealed, containing slips, cut by the officer's own hand, from Pope's Willow, at Twickenham, observing that, as he (the officer) on his embarkation from Europe, had believed that the troubles in America would soon cease, and he should remain, with his regiment, for a good many years in the colonies, he had brought over the willow to adorn some little establishment he proposed to purchase in the vicinity of Boston, and thus implant the descendants of the great poet's favorite tree, in the western hemisphere. On his return from head quarters, Mr. Custis brought with him, in his portmanteau, the British officer's interesting present, and, sixty-five years ago planted the Willow of Twickenham on the banks of the Potomac, some magnificent specimens from which are now flourishing near Arlington house. The weeping willow is said to be of Asiatic origin, and was first introduced in England from a slip found in a package of Smyrna figs. When Pope's Willow decayed, it was dug up by the roots, and conveyed into the Grotto, and innumerable were the relics cut from the lifeless substance, to be preserved in veneration of the illustrious bard.

SPEAKING TOO SOON.

THE Paris correspondent of the New-York Star relates the following anecdote:—

One of the wealthiest bankers here has an only son, not very handsome, but a clever and even a fashionable man. Well he had the pleasure of wooing a fair lady and of winning her. The *Corbille* was ordered to the bride's house, and a rich one it was. The Diamonds alone were worth 100,000 francs. The friends of the bride elect came to see it on the morn of the marriage, and great was their admiration. The gentleman retired to an adjacent room—to think on his coming happiness, perhaps—and was hidden in the recess of a bow window, when two or three of the bridesmaids came in. They did not see our hero, and began chattering away to this time. Well, it is a handsome *corbelle*, and Louise will be very happy with so liberal a husband!

So she ought to be, said the other, "but do you know what she told, just now?" "No, what was it?" "Why, she said that she should like the *corbelle* much better without such a lover than with him?" "*Fi donc mechere*, she never could have said that?" "Well, here she comes, and I shall ask her. Come here my dear Louise—did not you say just now that you would prefer the *corbelle* without the husband?" "Yes," said the fair Louise, "I did say so." "My service to you, Mademoiselle," said the gentleman, as he stepped forward, "but you shall have neither." So saying, he quitted the room, went into the next apartment, quietly put his sumptuous bridal gifts into the box they had been brought in, turned the key, called to one of his servants, to carry it away, made his bow, and *exit*!

POPULARITY.

THERE is one species of popularity, and only one, which may be truly prized. It is that of which Lord Mansfield spoke, when in the celebrated case of the King against Wilkes, he exclaimed: "I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuits of noble ends by noble means: I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, to gain huzzas of thousands, or the daily praise of all the papers which come forth from the press:—I will not avoid doing that which I think is right, though it should draw on me the whole artillery of libels, all that falsehood and malice can invent, or the credulity of a deluded people can swallow."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

I NEVER knew a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet, managing mothers, and heartless daughters, are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women, because they have a free choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance and dread being dependent.—Such marriages no doubt prove tolerably comfortable; but a great number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—*Mrs. Child.*

SELF-ESTEEM.

DR. ADAM SMITH in his theory of Moral Sentiments, remarks that it is better on the whole for an individual to have too little of this feeling; because if we pretend to more than we are entitled to, the world will give us credit for at least what we possess; whereas, if we pretend to less, we shall be taken at our word, and mankind will rarely have the justice to raise us to the true level.

LOVE OF APPROBATION.—Nothing appears to me so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertained of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar is the moral hydrophobia of the day. Our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

A BOLD FELLOW.—Frederick the Great, after a very terrible engagement, asked his officers "who behaved the most intrepidly during the contest?" The preference was unanimously given to himself. "You are all mistaken," replied the King; "the boldest fellow was a fifer, whom I passed twenty times during the engagement, and he did not cease nor vary a note the whole time."

ANECDOTE.—An old gentleman of eighty years having taken to the altar a young damsel of about sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "The font is at the other end of the church." "What do I want of the font?" inquired the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon," said the clerical wit, "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

A SET-DOWN.—Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who rose with some conceited gesticulation, and with a confident air said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you indeed?" said the Dean; "then take my advice, and set down again."

A SCHOOL exercise was given to a student at a Westminster school; the word was Saratoga. On which he immediately wrote an epigrammatic couplet in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

Burgoyne, alas! unknown by future fates,
Could force himself through Woods
But not through GATES.

PATRIOTIC.—"I suppose," said one elector to another, "you're going for ———, as you did before?" "I don't think I am," said the other, "The beef wasn't dressed to my mind at his last election dinner."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Barrytown, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. D. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Danby 4 Corners, Vt. \$1.00; J. B. Auburn, N. Y. \$3.00; J. B. Middlebury, Vt. \$1.00; S. R. Binghampton, N. Y. \$1.00; C. A. S. Marion, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00; C. G. C. Nantucket, Ms. \$1.00; J. M. D. C. Newark, N. J. \$1.00; E. E. S. Lansingburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; W. A. C. Chittenango, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the previous numbers of the present volume, and all the back volumes except the 1st, 2d, and 14th.

Married,

In this city, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. D. Ackly, Mr. John Moores to Miss Rachel H. Townsend, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Charles W. Moores to Miss Susan Ann Mallory, all of this city.

At the same time, by the same, Mr. Alfred Jenkins, of New-York, to Miss Harriet Mallory, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the same, Mr. Hiram Morrison, of this city, to Miss Catharine Brandow, formerly of New-York.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Langdon, Mr. Walter Strong, of New-York, to Miss Catharine Carpenter, of this city.

At Stamfordville, N. Y. on the 18th ult. Aaron C. Macy, of this city, to Jane, daughter of Capt. Griffen Williamson, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 23d ult. Jane Ann Kenyon, in her 45th year.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Lydia Swain, in her 81st year.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. Deborah Terry, in her 46th year.

At St. Jago de Cuba, Dr. G. A. Van Dyke, son-in-law of Maj. J. M. De Ciptot, formerly of this city.

On the 27th ult. Gertrude, wife of William H. Burden, in the 19th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

MY HOME.

Written while Visiting at S—.

My home—it is far away,
Where the hollow winds of evening sigh,
When the thickening clouds o'er the azure sky,
Tell of a storm that is hovering nigh,
That will mantle the earth with gray.

My home—true love is there—
And more than the frosts that nip the bright green,
The thoughts of the absent one shadow the scene,
At eventide when the fond group are seen
Around the altar of prayer.

My home—it quietly smiles—
And though far from the city and crowd of the great,
'Tis not one of those homes where envy and hate,
Have destroyed all the sweets which the fireside
awaits,

Where friendship the evening beguiles.

My home—'tis a rural retreat,
Where the lily and pink, and the roses combine,
To shed round their fragrance when summer skies
shine,

Or to form a gay chaplet youth's brow to entwine,
When with pleasure his heart is replete.

My home—may it always be blest,
With plenty and health, with love and delight;
And, breathed from the couch of the weary at night,
Let devotion's pure incense the angels invite,
To protect the low pillow of rest.

My home—I must leave it and die—
When the charms which have rendered it lovely
depart,
When the eye shall have faded, and chilled be the
heart,
And in death the loved inmates in bitterness part,
May it change to a home in the sky. S. B.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER.

Oh! sister dear and art thou gone?
And is thy gentle spirit flown
To the abodes of peace and joy,
Where blissful pleasures never cloy?

Are those heavenly eyes forever closed?
Bright as a dew-drop on a rose,
They lately sparkled and bespoke,
A heart oft wounded yet not broke.

When fortune frowned thou sweetly smiled,
And with a spirit meek and mild,
Didst drink the bitter cup of woe,
Knowing from whence the draught did flow.

Like me, an exile thou became,
And left thy home, oh! sacred name!
Name to my heart forever dear.
Cherished with many a bitter tear.

With thee, loved one, oft have I trod,
The mossy bank and grassy sod,
Together culled the sweet wild flowers,
While rapid fled the happy hours.

Nor thought how soon 'twould be our lot,
To leave that charming rural spot,

Strangers become, with strangers live,
The scrutinizing glance receive,

That chills the heart to virtue true—
I've felt it oft, and so have you,
But thou wilt never feel it more,
Thy race is run, thy home secure.

And when a few more sands have run,
My days on earth will too be done,
And may I meet thee on that shore,
Where many friends have gone before.

Hudson, May 1, 1840.

A.

The following lines, with which we have been favored by a friend, are the production of the lady of President Holley, and were written on the occasion of their departure for Europe. Mr. Holley, it will be recollected, resigned his station as President of Transylvania University for the purpose of accompanying several young gentlemen of Kentucky, one of whom is the son of Mr. Clay, in the tour of Europe.—*Rep.*

ON LEAVING KENTUCKY.

FAREWELL to the land in which broad rivers flow,
And vast prairies bloom as in Eden's young day;
Farewell to the land in which lofty trees grow,
And the vine and the mistletoe's empire display!

Farewell to the land at whose call I deserted
A dearly loved home and the place of my birth?
In sorrow I met thee, with eyes half averted:
In sorrow I quit thee, thou bright spot of earth;

Thou land of my sojourn a brief term of years,
As a step-child I love thee for kindness oft shown;
And as dim in the distance the blue mist appears,
My heart's warm emotions thy power shall own.

With the wide world to rove as in life's early day,
But with spirit less buoyant as chastened by time,
Reflecting in sadness I tread the lone way,
With no home in the vista on which to recline.

Farewell, halls of science, where learning long strove
To maintain her dominion o'er minds wild and free!
May your seats still the triumph of intellect prove,
And your sons, of the state the bright ornaments be!

Shrubs and trees, which I've planted and nurtured
with care,
Geraniums, roses, and myrtles, adieu!

Who your first fruits and flowers hereafter will
share,
And who will e'er show such devotion to you?

Should the rude or the thoughtless invade your
domain,
And ravage the scenes where my fancy will dwell,
Who then with new beauty will clothe you again,
And who will protect your young buds as they swell?

To the church too farewell, where in weekly devotion
My heart and my voice in full unison were
With the organ's deep tones, as with lively emotion
I joined in the concert of praise and of prayer.

But how to the friends, who have cherished me ever,
Shall I utter the word, or think we must part!
Let Destiny rule as she chooses, O never
Shall their sacred remembrance be torn from my
heart!

May they too forget not they once loved the stranger,
Whatever her mood was, grave, gay, or serene;
Though a pilgrim to be, in far countries a ranger,
She will still love to dwell on the days that have
been.

In memory's page, let her faults leave no trace,
Or be with the mantle of kindness veiled o'er:
If aught good and laudible find there a place,
Let partial affection still add to the store.

May peace round your dwellings her influence shed,
And happiness open new treasures for you,
Till at length from these mansions the spirits have
fled
And we all to this world bid a final adieu!

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On Saturday, the 20th of June, 1840, will be issued the first number of the *Seventeenth Volume (Eighth New Series)* of the *RURAL REPOSITORY*.

On issuing the proposals for a new volume of the *Rural Repository*, the publisher tenders his most sincere acknowledgements to all Contributors, Agents and Subscribers, for the liberal support which they have afforded him from the commencement of this publication. New assurances on the part of the publisher of a periodical which has stood the test of years, would seem superfluous, he will therefore only say, that it will be conducted on a similar plan and published in the same form as heretofore, and that no pains or expense shall be spared to promote their gratification by its further improvement in typographical execution and original and selected matter.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1840.

✂ EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a notice, and receive Subscriptions.

FROM THE POST MASTER GENERAL.—The following is an extract from the Regulations of the Post Office department:

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